THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1535.

Choice Poetry.

THEY ALL BELONG TO ME.

BY ELIZA COOK

I care not who may reckon
The wheat piled up in sacks,
Nor who has power to beckon
The woodman with his axe;
I care not who holds leases
Of the upland or the dell,
Nor who may count the fleeces
When the flocks are fit to sell.
While there's beauty none can barter
By the greensward and the tree—
Claim who will by seal or charter,
Yet "they all belong to me."

There's the thick and clinging cover
Where the hare and pheasant play;
There are sheets of ...
There are hedges crowned with May;
There are vines all dark and gushing,
There are orchards ripe and red;
There are herds of wild deer crushing
The heath-bells as they tread;
And ye who count in money
The value these may be,
Your lives but hold my honey,
For "they all belong to me."

[illegible]

For while the woods and mountains
Stand up where I can see,
While God unlocks the fountains,
"They all belong to me."

Original Novelet.

THE BAYMOUNTS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MISS LESLIE, AUTHOR OF "MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Miss E. Leslie, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART FOURTH.

Just then little Lucy ran in from feeding the chickens, with her corn-basket on her arm; and, looking half-frightened at her father, exclaimed,

"Cousin Randal's close by. He's just at the gate."

"Go bring him in," said the farmer.

Great was the delight that shone in the faces of the family; and Lucy dropped her corn-basket to run and give her father a hasty kiss *en passant* before she flew out of the door. In a moment she returned with her cousin Randal, leading him straight up to her uncle, and holding his hand very tightly.

"Randal," said the farmer, "sit down and take some breakfast."

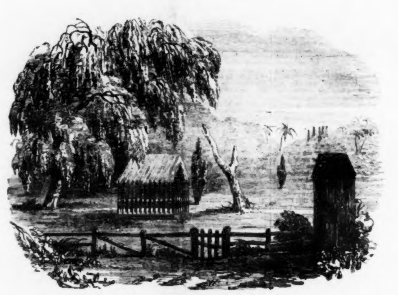
Randal cheerfully complied, and Lucy ran for two clean plates, both of which she placed before him, and they were assiduously filled by her two sisters—their mother pouring him out a large cup of coffee, and their father looking on with a face ...

[illegible]

BARBARA VANCLEVE PRATT CRANGLE.

[illegible]

Our Picture Gallery.



THE FIRST GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

[illegible]

SINGULAR ANECDOTES OF MISTAKING ONE INDIVIDUAL FOR ANOTHER.

FROM DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

There is no kind of evidence more infirm in its nature, and against which jurymen on legal trials should be more on their guard, than that involving identity of person. The number of persons who resemble each other is not inconsiderable in itself; but the number is very large of persons who, though very distinguishable when standing side by side, are yet sufficiently alike to deceive those who are without the means of immediate comparison.

Early in life, an occurrence impressed me with the danger of relying on the most confident belief of identity. I was at Vauxhall Gardens, when I thought I saw, at a short distance, an old country gentleman whom I highly respected, and whose favor I should have been sorry to lose. I bowed to him, but obtained no recognition. In those days the company amused themselves by walking round in a circle, some in one direction, some in the opposite, by which means every one saw and was seen—I say in those days, because I have not been at Vauxhall for a quarter of a century. In performing these rounds I often met the gentleman, and tried to attract his attention, until I became convinced that either his eyesight was so weakened that he did not know me, or that he chose to disown my acquaintance. Some time afterward, going into the county in which he resided, I received, as usual, an invitation to dinner; this led to an explanation, when my friend assured me he had not been in London for twenty years. I afterward met the person whom I had mistaken for my old friend, and wondered how I could have fallen into the error. I can only explain it by supposing that, if the mind feels satisfied of identity, which it often does at the first glance, it ceases to investigate that question, and occupies itself with other matter; as in my case, where my thoughts ran upon the motives my friend might have for not recognizing me, instead of employing themselves on the question of whether or no the individual ...

[illegible]

sense. The witness makes himself acquainted with that spot, so as to stand a cross-examination as to the surrounding objects, and his education is complete. But as peasants have only a false sense existence, as this exquisite ability is not applicable to all cases; the witness must have a reason for being on the spot, [illegible] enough to fix the identity of the circumstantiality; and, as false witnesses cannot be found at every turn, the difficulty of making a search for the criminal, and that the witness was absent, he pretends to have been on the day and at the hour in question. It is often impossible; to say nothing of the possibility and probability of his being found out—if, on the part of the prosecution, that the person cannot well have been there. Inbred cold, fever, surprise in favour of the first suggestion, is said to be difficult to find introduction witnesses who have to overcome the proper qualifications to prove a concerted alibi, save always where the prisoner is the champion of a class; and then, according to my experience—and as to that time—to the difficulty is greatly reduced.

These incidental illustrate the soundness of the well known proposition, that accuser of truth with falsehood, augmented to the highest degree the reckless power of the venomous ingredient. That man was no more sensible than in the act of deceiving, who first discovered the importance of the liar being parsimonious in verisimilitude. The mind has a stomach as well as an eye, and if the lobe be neat falsehood, it will be rejected like an overdose of sweet which does not kill.

Let the jurymen ponder these things, and be sure how he lets his mind [illegible] a conviction either for or against the prisoner. To perform the duties of his office, so that the days which he spends in the jury box may not be misspent, his eyes, his ears, and his intellect must be ever on the watch. A witness in the box, and the same man in common life, are different creatures. Coming to give evidence, "he sheds under a late change." Sometimes he becomes more truthful, as he ought to do, if any change is necessary; but, unhappily, this is not the case with the least of all in the case of those whose testimony is often required.

I remember a person, whom I frequently heard to give evidence quite out of harmony with the facts, but I shall state neither his name nor his profession. A gentleman who knew perfectly well the reputable designation which his evidence deserved, told me of his death. I exclaimed to think it was a loss which might be borne, and testified upon his sobriety, to which he replied "I quite agree with you in every thing, but—Well! after all, I do not think he ever told a falsehood in his life—out of the witness box."

Miscellaneous.

THE GREAT DISTURBANCE IN THE SILVER MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

FROM THE LONDON TIMES, NOVEMBER 28.

A singular rise which has been going on for some time in the price of silver, has created much inquiry. The idea that it may be owing to the influx of California gold naturally occurs to every one, and gives the subject its chief interest. In ordinary times the question might be easily settled, but, from the peculiar state of the Continent, together with the change recently made in the Dutch currency, a definite conclusion at present is rendered impossible.

The three causes now in operation, namely, the Californian influx, the requirements for the pay and maintenance of the Dutch army, and the substitution of silver for gold in Holland, have come into active operation almost simultaneously. They all have the same tendency, and the last, therefore, simply is, to discover the proportionate influence of each. For this, however, the materials are wanting. We do not know with certainty what actual increase which has taken place in the supply of gold, or, as regards silver, the quantity absorbed in Germany, or on the Continent generally, either by the arming or from hoarding, or other causes, and even if this information were before us, we should still be ignorant of the total stock of bullion in the world, upon the strength of which alone could any accurate calculation be founded.

Although, however, we must thus wait until some of the perplexing elements of the question shall have been removed—for if the war seems were to terminate, and the effect of the Dutch legislation had passed away, we should then have no difficulty in looking to California for its solution—there are many considerations that may, even now, throw some light upon the matter, and which may be usefully borne in mind in watching the future.

We have remarked that all the influences now existing, operate in one way. The only direct mode in which any effect from the California gold could first be observed, would be by looking at the relative price of stock. We must account for the state of the market for gold by the purchasing power of that metal; and unless in the least favourable circumstances we find this purchasing power, as it is too liable to fluctuation from any cause,

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1850.

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From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

[illegible] 16th, Messrs. Clay, Douglass and Atchison appeared in their seats.

Mr. Benton introduced a bill providing for the location and construction of a railroad and common highway from the Mississippi River, at St. Louis, to the bay of San Francisco, and to extinguish the Indian title to the lands along said highway, to establish military posts, and to grant land to actual settlers thereon.

Mr. Benton explained in a long speech his bill. It was to be a national highway, because of its centrality; because constructed by the means of the nation, and national in its forms and uses; because it is to afford a road and proper means of travelling to all kinds of travellers now known or to be known. It embraces a railroad, plank-road, a good common road for wagons and horses, and also for pedestrians. The main road goes straight to the Pacific, and will be sixteen hundred miles long, with two branches—one to Santa Fe, three hundred miles long, and another to Oregon, five hundred miles long. The grant of land to be one hundred miles wide, and the whole amount of land granted to be [illegible]

[illegible]

... those cases from the opinions of such skillful men, and why not decide patent cases on the same evidence? If the argument that Courts of law were not competent to try patent cases was sound, why would it not apply as well to the Senate? Why were they competent to pass patent laws?

The immediate amendment before the Senate was that each defendant, in a suit for infringement of patent, shall be entitled to a scire facias, to be served on the patentee, to show the validity of his patent.

Mr. Jefferson Davis replied to show that the Courts of law were not the best qualified to try patent cases, citing the authority of Judge Story and Judge Kane, of Philadelphia, to sustain him. He did not think Congress was the best constituted body to frame patent laws.

Mr. Seward said he understood the amendment now pending was to the effect that when a patentee should sue any one for infringement of his patents, the defendant might sue out a scire facias to try validity of the patentee, and that the original suit should be stayed till scire facias was tried. In either case the validity of patents was involved, and would be tried, and he could see no justice in making the patentee a defendant, instead of plaintiff. The number of suits would not be decreased, but would be doubled; for every defendant when sued could have his writ of scire facias. Even if on a writ of scire facias of the Circuit Court, in one district, were to decide for or against the validity of patent, that judgment would not be conclusive or final in other districts, as between other parties on the same patent right. He was opposed to the bill, and hoped another bill would be introduced.

The amendment was agreed to.

Mr. Turney offered an amendment making certified copies of specifications of patents granted in foreign countries receivable in evidence on trial of all cases of infringements. Agreed to.

Mr. Jefferson Davis offered a substitute for the whole bill. The bill was laid on the table.

Mr. Badger moved that when the Senate adjourned it adjourn till Monday. Carried. Yeas 20, nays 18. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 16th, on motion of Mr. Briggs, the rules were suspended, by 104 yeas to 57 nays, and the New York Branch Mint was made the order of the day for the 2d Tuesday in January.

Mr. Strong gave notice that he would call up the contested election case from New Hampshire on Tuesday next.

The Speaker laid before the House a message [illegible]

[illegible]

General News.

VALUABLE TABLES.—The following is one of the tables accompanying the report of the Secretary of the Treasury:

Cotton Exported from the United States for the Years enumerated.

Yrs.	Sea Isl. Pounds	Others. Pounds.	Agg'te Value.	Av. Val.
1845	9,389,625	863,516,371	51,739,643	5.92
1846	9,388,533	538,169,522	42,767,341	7.81
1847	6,293,973	520,925,985	53,415,848	10.34
1848	7,724,148	806,550,283	61,998,294	7.61
1849	11,969,259	1,014,633,010	66,396,967	6.4
1850	8,236,463	627,145,141	71,984,616	11.3

Value of Exports of Cotton and Cotton Manufactures from the United States for five years.

Years	Cotton	Cost of Manufacture.
1846	[illegible]	[illegible]
1847	53,415,848	4,082,523
1848	61,998,294	5,718,205
1849	66,396,967	4,933,129
1850	71,984,616	4,734,424

Total valuation of Hempen goods imported in 1850 $588,146

Value of Foreign Merchandise Imported and Re-exported for the year 1850.

Imported Value	Re-exp'd Value	Consumed and on hand Value	Cons'n Populat'n per of U.S. capital
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Coinage of the Mint of the United States for 1850.

At Philadelphia—all kinds—valuation $[illegible]
New Orleans, [illegible] 3,880,000 00
Charlotte, [illegible]
Dahlonega, [illegible]

[illegible]

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ARRESTING NORTHERNERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Charleston Sun prints a bill, recommended by the Committee on federal relations of the South Carolina Legislature, entitled a "Bill [illegible]

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

NAVAL STORES—[illegible] Sales of 150 bbls [illegible]

OILS—There is a [illegible] Sales of Crude Whale at $1,25a1,35. [illegible] In Lard Oil no change.

PLASTER—[illegible] at $2,75 per ton.

RICE—The demand [illegible] 300 tons, in lots, at [illegible]

SALT—An import [illegible] at about [illegible] per bushel.

SEEDS—There is [illegible] and prices are steady [illegible] Flaxseed but little [illegible] change.

SPICES—No sales [illegible]

SPIRITS—Brandy [illegible] lots at 30c. Whiskey [illegible] and hhds at 29½c.

SUGAR—There [illegible] Cuba and New Orleans [illegible] per lb on time.

TALLOW—Is in [illegible] try and City Rendered [illegible]

TEAS—There is [illegible]

TOBACCO—The [illegible] sales are only in small [illegible] trade.

WINES—The market [illegible] and dry Malaga, at 44c [illegible]

WOOL—There is a [illegible] lower grades holders [illegible] advance, in consequence [illegible] of 120,000 lbs at 25a [illegible]

FREIGHTS—[illegible] to Liverpool, Flour, [illegible] bushel; and Heavy Goods [illegible] Rhode Island, $1.[illegible] 1,40 per ton.—[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, DEC. 21.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

Dec., 1850.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
28 Saturday	7 26	4 34	10 19	
29 Sunday	7 24	4 36	11 7	D. H. M.
30 Monday	7 24	4 36	10 56	
31 Tuesday	7 24	4 36	12 44	
1 Wed'sday	7 23	4 37	1 25	Last 3 12 1[illegible]
2 Thursday	7 23	4 37	2 6	New 11 3[illegible]
3 Friday	7 23	4 37	2 48	First 19 12 [illegible]
4 Saturday	7 22	4 38	3 36	Full 25 [illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Dec. 15,	31	38	42
16,	31	39	40
17,	39	38	37
18,	28	36	38
19,	35	39	42
20,	42	45	45
21,	35	40	43

Marriages.

At Tuckerton, New Jersey, Dec 12, by the Rev I. Gaskill, Mr WILLIAM P HAYWOOD, of Ocean county, to Miss JANE ANN KELLEY, of Tuckerton, Burlington county.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev Alex. Heberton, JOHN F CARR, Esq of New York, to MARY ANN, daughter of Henry F Heberton, of this city.

On the 17th inst, by the Rev. R H B Mitchell, B MARKLEY BEYER, of Norristown, Pa, to ELLEN L PRYOR, daughter of the late Dr M Pryor, of Bordentown, N J.

On the 5th inst by the Rev Joseph H Kennard, Mr JOHN HUNTER, to Miss ISABELLA LEVERING, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 17th inst, by the Rev S A Clark, Mr JAMES DENNY, of Elkton, Md, to Miss MARY A, daughter of Mr Samuel Conway, of this city.

On the 17th inst, by Charles Gilpin, Esq, Mayor, JOSEPH WOOD, of Whitemarsh township, Montgomery county, to Miss MARY J ZELL, of Lower Merion township, and same county.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev T R Taylor, Mr JOSHUA M TOWNSEND, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY M KERN, of Camden, N J.

On the 27th ult by the Rev Jos H Kennard, Mr JACOB K SOMMER, to Miss JANE KENNARD, both of this city.

On the 11th inst, by the Rev N. Sayre Harris, at the Church of the Nativity, Mr WILLIAM F E SIMPSON, to Miss MARY A HOGGINS, both of this city.

On the 12th inst, by the Rev Thos Brainerd, Mr JOHN B W[illegible], to Miss MARY A, daughter of the [illegible]

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Mortality Report for Sacramento City.

[illegible]

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CONTENTS OF THE JANUARY NUMBER.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY. By his Son. With a Portrait, and Five Illustrations.
MADAME CAMPAN. By Mrs S J Hale. With Portrait.
PROCRASTINATION. By Charles Mackay.—(Poetry.)
BONA LOMBARDI BRUNORO. With Portrait.
A SKETCH OF MY CHILDHOOD. By Thomas de Quincey. With Portrait.
VISIT TO AN ENGLISH DAIRY.
SAILING IN THE AIR—HISTORY OF AERONAUTICS.
MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. (Continued.)
A LUNATIC ASYLUM IN PALERMO.
SLOPED FOR TEXAS.—A Tale of the West.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

ORIGINAL PATTERNS.

[illegible]

WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.

ORIGINAL PATTERNS.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WM C BRYANT

How shall I know them in the spirit world to whom
The dust that once contained them shall return?
When all of them that were could within clasps
And greetings and the kiss of love are still?

For I shall find the step of boyhood too
If there I meet the gentle presence not—
Nor know the mien that, when the spirit rose
In sky settings, o'ver the leader thought.

Will not thy own symphonic descended the thrill—
That form, from kindred flesh to me, were given?
No sooner shall the voice in thy presence—
Shall it be launched from thy tongue as thereto?

In an unknown dressed by Heaven's life for strong wind,
In the tongue-tongue of God, glory exchanged,
And keeper encounters of its undivined mind.
With the deep-fitted love, that passed so long!

The love that lived through all the stormy past
And meekly with our hardest nature bore,
And deepened power and tenderness to the last,
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier life than none, and longer light
Await their favorites in the land unknown,
Where the mind shall dwell in undisturbed delight,
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And love itself, and understand, good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scepter-like art of hell
Has left its frightful sone upon my soul.

Yet, from those flames no light of glory rises,
With them not keep the same beloved name,
The same sweet, cheerful face and gentle dress,
Lovelier in Heaven's own world than in our home?

Shall these not touch me in that calmer home
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this?
The wisdom that is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN

At late seven and the same time
It was when we were young—
When it only made the sunshine
With sweet mirth, and song!
As time is set the same time
With many a rose we know,
And as the sport close-by!
There's many a friend for me!

At time is not the same time
It was in days of yore;
Then children smiled around us
That could for us no more—
But here in the same sunlight
That we, love, may not see.
Are looking from from pastime
And blooming there and me

And when the days shall rise, love,
And rose to the same time
Our children from the skies, love,
Shall cause to other time
Though in the time to meet us,
And left us to the sight,
That hands be lent to pass us,
And lead us to our rest!

Leaves from History

THE TRUE STORY OF JANE McCREA.

FROM LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

The first place of historic interest that we visited at Fort Edward was the venerable and still picturesque tree, near which, tradition asserts, the unfortunate Jane McCrea, lost her life while General Burgoyne took his triumphant march to Saratoga Hill. It stands upon the West side of the road leading from Fort Edward to Sandy Hill, and about half a mile from the canal-bank in the former village. The tree had exhibited unmistakable signs of decadence for several years, and when we visited it, in August, last year, the trunk of the top was torn off by a November gale, and almost every larger dimension the size by scattering its decayed limbs. The trunk is about five feet in diameter, and upon the bark is engraved, in bold letters, JANE McCREA, 1777. The names of many sentimental visitors are inscribed upon it, and reminded me of the "Lovers' Oak, in Glendale, carve on every tree." In a few years this tree, around which history and romance have clustered in more than usual interest, will have passed away forever.

The sad story of the unfortunate girl is so interwoven in our history that it has become a component part, but it is told with so many variations, in essential and non-essential particulars, that much of the narrative we have is evidently pure fiction, a simple tale of Indian ebullition, resulting in death, having its counterpart in a hundred. No occurrence, has been garnished with all the high coloring of a romantic love story. It seems a pity to spoil the romance of the matter, but truth always makes and leaves with the finest work of the imagination, and utterly demands the homage of the historian's pen.

All accounts agree that Miss McCrea was staying at the house of a Mrs. M'Neil, near the fort, at the time of the battle. A grand-daughter of Mrs. M'Neil (Mrs. Farnham) is now living at Fort Edward, and from her I received a minute account of the whole transaction, as she had heard it a "thousand times" from her grandmother. She is a woman of remarkable intelligence, also of sixty years old. When I was at Fort Edward she was on a visit with her mother at Glens Falls. It had been my intention to go direct to Whitehall, on Lake Champlain, by way of Fort Ann, but the evidently attractive to the neighborhood of the events in question, were so conflictory of the books and I resolved and such assurances that perfect tedium might be placed upon the statements of Mrs. Farnham, that, rather than to ascertain the truth of the matter, if possible, we went to Lake Champlain by way of Glens's Falls and Lake George. After considerable research at the falls, I found Mrs. F——, and the following is the relation of the tragedy at Fort Edward.

Jane McCrea was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman of Jersey City, opposite New York, and while Mrs. M'Neil (then a wife of the former husband named Campbell) was a resident of New York City, on acquaintance and intimacy had grown up between Jenny and her daughter. After the death of Campbell (which occurred as my Mrs. Campbell married Mr. M'Neil. He was now lost at sea, and she returned with her family to an estate owned by him at Fort Edward. Mr. M'Neil, who was a "Blue" and good Loyalist, would let live with her brother near Fort Edward, where the intimacy of former years with Mrs. M'Neil and her daughter was renewed, and Jane spent much of her time at Mr. M'Neil's house. Near her brother's lived a family named Jones, consisting a widow and six sons, and between Jenny and David Jones, a gay young man, a feeling of friendship budded and ripened into mutual love. When the war broke out the Joneses took the loyal side of the question, and David Jones joined the British, and went to Canada in the autumn of 1776. They passed a company of about sixty men, under pretext of re-enforcing the American garrisons at Ticonderoga, but they went further down the lake and joined the British garrison at Crown Point. Miss Burgoyne collected his forces at St. John's, at the foot of Lake Champlain. David and Jenny were among them. Jonathan was under Captain and David a Lieutenant in the division under General Fraser, and at the time in question they were with the British army near Sandy Hill. Time (as all accounts tend) right.

The brother of Jones was a Whig, and prepared to move to Albany; but Mrs. M'Neil, who was a cousin of General Fraser (titled at that time), was a staunch loyalist, and intended to remain at Fort Edward. When the British came near, Jenny was at Mrs. M'Neil's, and inspired there even after repeated solicitations from her brother to return to his home, five miles further down the river, to be ready to flee when necessary to avoid capture. Under hope that the matter would be settled amicably, and that her brother would soon return to the following day.

Early the next morning a band of Indians belonging to Mr. M'Neil visited some Indians shortly approaching the house, and giving the alarm to the inmates, he fled to the east, about eight rods distant. Mrs. M'Neil's daughter, the young friend of Jenny, and another woman, ran out, was with some friends in Albany, and the inmate consisted of the widow and Jenny, the aged Indians, and a black female servant. As about at that time, the Indians about a few feet from the house, and when the alarm was given the black woman scattered up the children, fled to the kitchen, and retreated through a trap-door to the cellar. Mrs. M'Neil and Jenny followed, but the former being aged and very corpulent and the latter young and agile, Jenny reached the trap-door first. Mrs. M'Neil could only descend, the Indians were in the house, and a powerful savage seized her by the hair and dragged her up. Another took the cellar and brought out Jenny, but the black foot of the negro woman was not seen in the dark, and she and the children remained unharmed.

With the two women the savages started off, on the road to Sandy Hill, for Burgoyne's camp, and when they came in the foot of the ascent on which the pine tree stands, where the road forks off, they caught two horses that were grazing, and attempted to place their prisoners upon them. Mrs. M'Neil said that the Indians, who were hurrying her up the hill, seemed to watch the flash of the guns, and several times they threw her upon her face, at the same time falling down themselves, and she distinctly heard the balls whistle above them. When they got above the second hill from the village the firing ceased; they then stopped, aligned her of all her garments except her chemise, and in that plight led her into the British camp. There she met her kinsmen, General Fraser, and reproached him bitterly for sending his "accursed Indians" after her. He denied all knowledge of the thing, and the matter was soon hushed up.

A pious white matron she, about three feet from the pine tree, the deed of barbarity. Here she marks the spot of her interment. Not far from the tree is a small monument, erected to the memory of Duncan Campbell, a Scotch officer of the same line near, members of the family of Donald Campbell, who was Jenny's man who was with Montgomery at the storming of Quebec in 1775.

Wit and Humor.

THE COON HUNT, OR A FENCY COUNTRY.

"It really astonishing what a monstrous sight of people there is in this world," said Mr. Jones, "as was to be exhausted to a conclusion, as the doctor's call it, it would be found to contain all sorts of curiosities, from cents' and steam' up to murders, and though life would be a very dull affair if it could to turn all the world out of their senses. If a man is to be hanged, he'll bring a crowd to see it, or somefine too does the measles, and if he's a good fat nabbin sort of a fellow, walloon as long as he's particularly well fed, and all his grease, it's darkest secret, and produced a sudden and unaccountable sympathy for him. This sort of feeling is peculiar to the human species. This sort of feeling is peculiar to the human species. This sort of feeling is peculiar to the human species